ELEGIES

On the much Lamented Death of the Honourable and Worthy Patriot,

FRANCIS PIERREPONT, Esq;

Third Son of the Right Honourable

ROBERT

EARL OF

KINGSTON.

Who dyed at Nottingham *the* 30th *day of* January, 165⅞.

Printed in the Year 1659.

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TO THE

HONOURABLE

THE LADY

Aliſamon Pierepont.

MADAM,

WHen Debtors all have brought their haſty Crop,
You well may wonder at my tedious ſtop:
I'm angry at my ſelf, and think to pay,
But ſtraight an inward whiſper bids me ſtay.
'Tis conſcience tels me that I owe too much;
Great Debts are ſlow, and mine I'm ſure is ſuch.
This Tortoiſe pace is properly my own,
Who in this kind can ſhew no currant coyn.
Nature lent me not one propitious Muſe,
And ſince I had the Schools farewel, I uſe

With Poets at no time to hold commerce:
'Tis indignation now, that dictates Verse.
What may seem sharp, let then imputed be
To that unruly Passion, not to me.
What's dull and flat, you may call truly mine;
That is the mark which proves it genuine.
If ought be thought, beyond the Moon; know I
A Star for subject have, that's pierc'd the skie.
Then take them, Madam, read, weigh, and excuse;
If others snarle, and censure, say but thus,
The Author tempts his Stars beyond their light,
To offer up a Duty in my sight,
Who knows his obligations, and must say,
All falls farre short of what He ought to pay.

O. P.

MEMORIÆ
VIRI ILLUSTRIS
FRANCISCI PIEREPONT,

Nobilitate, doctrinâ, pietate, suavitate morum, & fortunâ florenti.

O Nulli proavis & nobilitate secunde!
Sed placida cunctis humilitate minor,
I sursum, magno dextram conjunge Magistro,
Quo major nullus humiliorque fuit.
Qui potuit mira summus licet incremento
Humilitate suum nobilitare decus.
Te Domini mites animos, meresque secutum
Haud dubie Domini gloria dia beat.

Summo virtutis ejus admiratori apposuit

Ludovicus Molinæus,
Historiarum Professor.

Upon the ſenſible loſſe of the Honourable FRANCIS PIERREPONT, *Eſq.*

who departed hence Jan. 30th. 1657.

BLuſh! Bluſh remorſleſs *Parca*! Was not your Names
Antiphraſis confirm'd enough, till Fames
Sad Trumpet tels the World, a Potentate,
A Pillar of the Church, a Prop of State
Is wholly ſunk? Forc'd by what fatal Muſt,
Cut you at once the thread of Great, Good, Juſt?
This ſpeaks your envy to Mankind, for we
Could draw by Him Virtues Epitome.
Liſt; worſt of the three Daughters of the Night;
I muſt proclaim thy everlaſting ſpight.
Th' haſt rob'd me of a Noble, Learned Friend,
With whom no precious hour I e're could ſpend,
But ſome encreaſe of Knowledge in me wrought,
Some favour heap'd, or elſe ſome Virtue taught.
For would I what was vain and idle fly?
'Twas then enough to keep him company.
Was Good my thirſt? His Soul did it diſplay
By a moſt gentle, and familiar way:
And in His noble body thus inſhrin'd,
Nobility it ſelf hath far out-ſhin'd.
He ſuck'd no Sophiſmes from the Schools, to raiſe
Sins Dark-Lanthorn, our purblind Reaſon's praiſe
(That *Ignis fatuus*, which 'twixt Good and Bad,
Curs'd Mortals in a miſt hath alwaies led.)
Above the Soul's eſſential Faculty,
That bright, firſt-breath'd Lamp of Innocency:
But did eclipſe the Badge of humane fall
With Science purely Intellectuall,

Which

Which own'd Gods Type, and in His Cask of Clay
Enjoy'd the Virgin Light of its first day.
His private Alms he alwaies strove to smother,
One hand in them was stranger to its Brother;
His publick Deed's but a Record to show
What Governours of Hospitals should doe;
Improve the Patrimony of the Poor,
Not pocket up their Rents, but give them more.
He taught, not bound His Offspring Charity,
Who then's her self when in full Liberty.
Would Rich men then in *Pierpoint's* footsteps tread,
The poor need not to ask or cloths, or bread.
He could *Astræa's* Sword directly weild,
Knew whom to punish with it, whom to shield.
The Ballance He 'twixt all could evenly poize,
To charm their discord, and their jarring noise.
He lov'd the ancient Scripture-Hierarchy,
The Ruling-Elder with's Presbytery:
But when high Northern blasts by th' root had torn
Those ever-virid Yews, and almost born
The tottring Temple down; He help'd to shroud
Their naked Members under *Jonah's* Gourd.
And i'th' spight of Criticks, He'd rather bear
A Solœcisme in Church, (Lay-Presbyter)
Then see it, Monster-like, without a Head.
But now He's Dead! that Pious man is Dead!
Dead did I say? Oh false Opinion!
Pure Gold's not subject to corruption.
The skilful Artist to delude the eye,
Can, by a mixture of crude Mercury,
Turn it to dust; and with as easie sleight,
By *Vulcan's* help, cast it again more bright:
But though he sweat, puff, blow, and try his all,
He finds that body Homogeneal.
Call then the Sons of Art, they'l thus the Process read
In proper tearms:

This

This now innobled Lead
A veſſel's of Almighty-Chymiſtry.
The Body ſeparate from its Soul, which we
Saw lock'd with *Hermes* ſeal from morrals eyes,
Great *Piereponts* body, now *Fermenting* lyes
In Natures prouder womb, where't ſhortly muſt
By *Saturns* cold be fix'd in noble duſt:
Whence when the fierie Tryal it hath run
'Twill riſe more glorious than the morning Sun,
To re-inveſt its widdow-ſoul from ground,
Call'd up by th' laſt ſhril Trumpets joyful ſound:
And joyntly Both new link'd inſeparably,
Preſent their claim to Immortality.
Then ſtyle't not Death, which the firſt ſtep muſt be
To lift us up to our Eternity.

Here's comfort, Madam, be not *à la mort*,
Your longer ſtay caſts you not one day ſhort.
Your Husband ſhould goe firſt, but in this wheel
You and we all tread cloſely on his heel.

O. Pottlinton.

An Elegy expostulating Deaths arrest upon my Honourable, dear, and noble Freind, Mr. Francis Pierrepoint Esq;

AVant grim Serjeant, with thy grisly Face,
Be gone, ile break thy bald pate, and thy glasse
If th' entreat here; this is no common ground
Thou Rogue, thou treadst on, no, it will be found,
The Lord of th' soyle thou seekst for is of Fame
Above Arrest; knowst any of the name
Of *Pierrepont* Debtors? Tis a name we know
For Wealth, for Learning, and for Wisdome too
The Nation boasts of; (besides high discent
Which others have, which all the other want.)
Such as have seen the Vatican at *Rome*,
Say *Pierrepont* lives the Vatican at *Holme*.
States who fetcht Wisdom from the men of *Greece*,
Confesse one *Pierrepont* then the seven more wise.
Whilst all of all sorts do attest this truth,
Second to none, is third Brother to both:
And dar'st thou arrest him? He can retain
The greatest scholler, and the wisest man
(Advocates of his own house) to plead his cause
Besides his Innocence and our just Lawes.
This for my Freind, expostulating I
(Maugre my threats) was made me this reply,
Pale death with equal foot attends the doore
Of Pallaces and Cottages ful poore,
By statute Law there's an appointed day
When rich as poore Dume Natures debt must pay.
The great, the good, the just, the wise, the high,
Princes and *Pierreponts* too, they all must dye.
And must he die then? rather is he dead
Was there no Proxy to appear in's stead?

* *Lord Marquesse.*
* *My William Pierrepont.*
* *My Freind Pierrepont.*

Might not one poor Debt be forgiven him,
Who many a poor man's Debt had ofte forgiven?
'Tis payd, 'tis payd. Then Reader passe not by
But pay a Tear, if not an Elegy
As tributary to his noble Hearse,
Whose name wil stand in Prose as well as Verse:
And needs no Poet to proclaime him good
In words rather expreſt, then understood,
Whilſt he him understood knew him a man
Meek, not Moroſe, though Presbyterian,
Had only such been truſted with that key
Good men had all been for Presbytery;
Though vaſt in parts, and Patrimony rather,
H' appear'd a giving, then a gifted Brother,
And yet his gifts were high enough to reach
As far to judge, as any man's to preach.

Grace crown'd his gifts; glory now crownes his graces:
Heav'n with ſupplies fill up ſuch vacant places.

Sic cecinit Lachrymans,
Sic Lachrymans precatur,

G. Pigot.

Vpon the much lamented Death of the Honourable FRANCIS PIEREPONT *Esq.*

EAch Debtor has been call'd his dues to bring,
Of just acknowledgements an Offering
To make upon the sad and mournful Urne
Of this Beloved Saint, shal others mourne,
Much lesse concern'd then I? I silent stand,
Whom you when living might of right command,
To whom I ought of Love, and service more,
Then if my All was sould would pay that score.
Dame Natures Debt, or yours, I know not whether
The greater, but like to be clear'd together
So great a summe requires a longer day,
I now the Interest alone can pay.
But why so long, ere that comes in my Muse?
Oh! blame me not, heark to my just Excuse:
My Plumes have been so steept in teares, that I
Could not til now get wing, neither so high
As others can I soare; I've only breath
To crawle upon the ground, and chide with Death,
Who hath bereft me, and not me alone,
But ev'n the Church, and Common-Wealth of one,
Whose parts and virtues will eclipsed be,
If my dul pen set forth his Elegy.
I'le only hint, what in a larger story.
More fully may be spoke of *Piereponts* glory.
Nature being lavish to 'm with art did strive,
Which longest should his name preserve alive.
Heralds he left his birth to tell, did scorne
That, as below a person Heaven borne.
Heroick Acts not words, spoke his Discent,
His Freindship real was 'bove Complement,

His noble spirits deckt with humility,
His humble soule inricht with Majesty,
His Justice gave to every one his own,
His Wisdome sav'd his. His Charity was sown
In each fit soile. His Piety was free,
From common errors, or State policy.
Pious and politick, rare in our State,
These in a Statesman should concenterate.
Hold Muse, the Field is large, should'st over run
Thy self, canst thou add Lustre to the Sun?
Darken it thou dost, its time now to retire
Sigh out thy remnant dayes, observe, admire
What cannot by the loftiest stile b' expreſt,
Labour to imitate, lets not disturb the rest.
Of this deare soule, with thy Cælestiall Graces
He repose in in Heavens imbraces.

Collonell White.

Upon the much lamented Death of the Honourable Francis Pierrepont *Esq.*

WEll may I be asham'd and blush that in
This Worthies praises I have silent bin,
When others trumpets sound so loud, that I
Might, (though unfit to speake) an Eccho be:
But greif thats great vents slowly, fain it will
Utter it self in briny teares, which fill
The Pen may steep in, that strives to expresse
What 'tis to want so great a happinesse,
As I and more enjoy'd, whilst the Sun shone clear
Now (alas!) set in this our Hemisphere.
Pardon then Reader (when 'tis so great worth)
If my dull Muse fall short in setting forth.
In such a publick cause, it is I see,
Hard to speak full, as hard to silent be.
O! how my greif renewes, while each fresh thought
Of him, (cloath'd with a sigh heare-deep,) breakes out
In broken Language, that the World may tell
My losse, but only they that feel't can spell
My meaning out, but lest the torrent should
Too soon drye up, I cannot but behold,
How the Wound bleeds afresh in's consorts eyes,
Whilst shee think's on her dearest's Obsequies;
As the widow'd Dove deprived of her Mate
To greive is all her joy, to mourne her State:
Her teares her daily bread are, as if he
(Who in one moment ceased for to be)
Was by th' all wise creator, (who in vaine
Does nought) each minute giv'n and tak'n againe
Her losse so great, as he that doth it view,
May think what Poets faine, might here prove true;

With

With Greif one turned quite into a stone:
Nature would yeild, indeed, to grace alone
Makes this a fiction; yet the sword cuts deep,
And when God strikes, then it is grace to weep:
Excuse her passion then, because her head,
Her joy, part of her selfe, her Husband's dead.
Death only could that knot unty, where Love
Inform'd two bodies with one soule, to prove
There was not Freindship here, but unity.
And he, though dead, lives in her memory,
And still will live: His name's not writ i'th sand:
A nobler Tombe inshrines him, whose command
Ore each rebellious passion shew'd how far
He did excell what common Mortalls are.
Though high, yet humble, high in parts, not pride;
His power great, his pittie nere deny'd,
The poore mans suit, who ere had cause to say
He came complaining, that went sad away?
Learn'd in what was worth his study; and that
His cheif delight was to communicate.
Thus virtue, that in's greener yeares did lye
Sown in his heart, grew to maturity;
Till's Harvest came, when he full ripe, from us
Was take'n and layd amongst what's precious
In Gods peculiar store house, where he stayes
Waiting to see those long expected dayes,
When what death parts, shall reunite, and then
No night that joy will overcloud againe.

George Fisher.

On the lamented Death of the truly Honourable Francis Pierepont *Esq.*

TO thy dear memory, blest Soul! I pay
This humble tribute; though in such a way
As rather doth proclaim my want of skill,
(That ne'ere set foot on high *Pernassus* hill,)
Than thy great merit. Great knowes not the art
To break that silence which might break an heart.
My deep Resentments of thy noble Love,
And faithfull freindship, I so oft did prove,
With all those Heavenly virtues did inspire
Thy generous breast, with more than common fire
I faine would utter, and thereby engage
The cold attempts of a declining age,
Which may admire thy Candor but dispaire
To match that copy thou hast drawn so faire:
Whom not our words, as thy own worth commends
Dear to thy God, thy Country, and thy Freends.
But why do I in vaine strive to rehearse
Thy praises in the ligatures of Verse?
I'le leave that work most worthy to be done
By those in words that not in numbers run,
Whose task doth lead them in a stile more free,
T' advance the world how much it lost in thee,
In whose example it might plainly read
Their Doctrine; and find out the way will lead
To be both great and good; whole life could teach
What men should do, or what themselves did preach.

Vere Harcourt

To the memory of the Right Noble person and patriot, the Honourable *Francis Pierpont Esq*; Who departed this life at *Nottingham* the 30th. day of *January*, 1658.

IT's somewhat to be Nobly borne, and much
I' inherit thousands by the yeare; what such
A Birth, and birth-right speakes, i'th' world appeares
By the homage paid on all hands unto Peeres,
And their Coequalls; whom all men adore,
As supreme powers: and to say no more,
Such civil Adoration is their Due,
Which bids that monstrous Parity Adieu,
That All-confounding Monster, whose lean Jaws
Gape wide to swallow both estates and Lawes.
Long may the Grandieur of this Nation be
Stockt with such Gentry and Nobility,
As share the glory of their Ancestries,
And carry it on to their posterities.
But yet all this at highest speakes but low,
A worldly glory at the best; a show
Of earthly influences, which altogether
Cannot exceed the Line of this life: neither
Adde one cubit to a better. See in
Nothing'd in death to us, us so to them.
'Tis sad when great ones have no other birth,
T' ennoble them, than what they have from th' earth;
Better unborne, then not be borne againe;
The new birth is the noblest: there's a vein
Of bloud runs in the heart of the Beleiver
Bespeaks him Heavenly borne; and never
Doth that Birth faile. So borne doth never dye,
But hath in death, Life t' all eternity.

How

How glorious then must he be, to whose Herse
We sadly pay the Tribute of this Verse?
Whose Noble Lineage, Great Estate, and all
Cõcentments flowing from them, he could call
Things on this side true Happiness. Elsewhere
He sought, and found that Happines which ne't
Shall end or fade; and whose Foundation
Th' eternal Spirit layd in Regeneration.
True Saving-grace, the Diamond in the Ring,
Shin'd bright in his sweet Nature: Every thing
Had such a gracious lustre in Him, as
The *Good* appear'd still with the *Great*, and was
Above it rather. His Humilitie
Exalted him. Greater you could not see
Lodg'd in a Noble breast. His spirit might
Be read in's habit; void of Pride, and quite
Another thing than vain. Without ostent
Both; for the one was as the other meant.
That holy heat of Love, which in his breast
Faith had enkindled, He with warmth expreſt
In's dear affections to Gods Ordinances,
His Ministers and People. His observances
Of holy Duties, private and personal,
Grac'd with his walking answerable, were all
Fair evidences at the least of his
Sincerities, ne're to fall short of bliss.
Bring forth the person, rich, poor, old, or young
Can justly say, He ever did him wrong.
Me-thinks I see the Country round about
In a bemoaning Posture, groaning out
Their sighs; with this condoling Sympathy,
We have lost our Patriot, and he's mist already.
Me-thinks I hear the City making moan
One to another, our best Neighbour's gone.
The Ministry especially; we have lost
A Stay, a Prop, a Patron, and almost

Our selves in losing Him, who was indeed
Our Friend, and till we found him so at need.
A Friend to Truth and Peace, but no dividor,
That heal'd our Breaches, never made them wider.
How full of Bowels to the Poor? What day
Pass'd without works of Mercy to them? Nay
Scarce any Meal, but at his Gates he fed
Whole troups of hungry souls with daily bread.
When Winters cold, or blustrings made their stay
At's Gates less comfortable; he would say
Let in the Poor, and serve 'um. If he saw
Any among them naked, he would draw
Out his compassions to them, and command
Cloaths to be put upon them: His own hand,
Rather than fail, would do it. How the knel
These rang at's Death out-groan'd the Passing-bell.
To none an enemy, but to those whose sin
Proclaim'd them to be so to God: Wherein
He could not hold, but with an holy zeal
Brake forth, and sometimes rang an angry Peal.
An innocent in doing ought was evil,
A very bungler in the works o'th' Devil.
A soul fitted for Heav'n, where glorious Grace
Triumphs with him in's ever-mansion place.
His dearest Consort then may not return
Her comforts back again upon his Urn,
With showers of Tears, which still dissolve afresh
With thought or mention of his Name; Much less
Nothing her self with grief. A greater Honour
Cannot in this life be conferr'd upon Her
Then this of Hers, that she did once possess
All in her dear'st save endless Happiness.

John Viner,
of Westm.

In obitum Nobilissimi ac verè cordati viri *Francisci Pierepont*, Armigeri, &c.

PLurima jam strages ægrum confecerat orbem,
Nunc & edax multo funere pinguis humus,
Exemplo quatiente animos, cum nuncia fati
Tristis, ad exitium tota parata fores,
Pulsaret faciles non immortalis Amici,
Supremam Domino claudere jussa diem.
Prodit huic Genius, volucris custodia vitæ,
Ac cupit intrantis sistere posse gradum.
Non patet hæc (inquit) scelerata janua turba:
Improbus haud nostras ausus adire domos.
Non hic contemni se læsa potentia cœli
Questa est indignis exagitata modis.
Hîc malè confictum nec Religionis amorem
Impietas præ se ferre superba solet.
Hîc nemo socium vix cautum, pessimus arte,
Prodidit, intactam dissimulando fidem.
Pauperis oppressi non hinc penetralia clamor
Vindicis assuevit sollicitare Dei.
Nullius hîc famam mendaci lividus ore
Polluit indoctus censor honesta loqui.
Nulla caperatam fœdat nubecula frontem,
Si forte alloquiis auris amica vacat.
Non musis invisa domus, non grata socordi:
Compositos juvenes non tulit iste locus:
Nec sunt hæc Domini crudelis inhospita tecta,
Prompta sed officio gratia fratris adest.
Ergo alio concede, tuis nunc parce sagittis,
Lethalis senibus findat arundo latus,
Aut quibus indignas animas sua corpora gestant;
Hîc virtus, Pietas, nobilitatis honos.

Hunc vivum poscit proles, hunc uxor, amici;
Hunc civis, divus, pauper ubique jacens,
Quam voluit Christi nova nupta puerpera membrum,
Lætetur secum, quodq; simul doleat;
Vota nihil prosunt; lachrymæ nihil; impigra telum
Mors jacit, & medium guttur utrinq; ferit.
Per jugulos humor funesto spargitur æstu
Noxius, allisi pectoris ima gravans:
Donec pars melior, sedes pertæsa priores,
Ac gaudens cœlo liberiore frui;
Dum nequit ulteriùs molem sufferre cadentem,
Quæ, malè conceptis ignibus usta, tumet;
Incola carceribus displosi corporis ardens
Emicat, angelicis associanda choris.
Jam fatis defuncte, Deo qui charus, ab alto
Subjectam fælix despice victor humum;
Ac tutos sponsi thalamos ingresse beati,
Conviva niveâ cingito veste latus.
Cælicolúmque pie *primâ* te *classe* repone,
Dum subit infernas impia turba domos.

The same in English.

GReat was the havock Death had made,
Whilst every where men dread a shade:
The famish'd ground was then full fed
With a rich feast of bodies dead;
What time that breathless Post of Fate
Knocks at our friends attentive gate,
With hastie summons to invite
The man to bid the World goodnight.
The watch, that had the guard that day,
Prevents his speed, and bids him stay;

Then

Then holding parley, know (said he)
From lewd companions we are free.
No horrid crimes this house doth hide;
Nor is that Heaven-assaulting Pride,
Which vainly scorns the powers above,
Charg'd here; nor the dissembled love
Of pure Religion made a paint
To wash and falsifie a Saint.
Nor may a *Judas* here commend,
Kiss and betray his fearless Friend.
The oppressed Poor's vindictive cries
Do not from hence to heaven arise.
Detracting envy here must raise
No damps to poyson others praise.
No sullen cloud cast o're the face
Obscures the entertainers grace.
Which did the Muses so far take,
As made them frequent visits make;
And bless the place from drowsie Fools,
That fill the seats in *Bacchus* Schools:
Yet hospitable kindness feasts
The civil ever-welcome guests.
Then pass us by, and aim thy darts
At wither'd and out-dared hearts.
Or let thine arrows find out those
Whose brutish corps like Souls inclose!
Must Virtue, Grace, and noble Birth,
Descend into sepulchrall earth?
And the dear consort of his life
Be now a Widdow, not a Wife?
And must that stock be now cut down,
Whose branches are so fairly grown?
Let theirs, let Friends, and Neighbours teares
Both rich and poor prolong his years!
How faign would Christs black comely Bride
This flow'r might still uncrop'd abide;

That

That they might ſmile and droop together,
Or in Serene or Cloudy weather!
Tears have no force, nor wiſhes power
To intercept the fatal hour,
Death's deaf to all, ſoon ſtrikes a note
That ſounds harſh from his wounded throat.
Now the fell humour doth infeſt
The troubled region of his breaſt,
So long, till the diviner Form,
Not able to ride out the ſtorm,
Fain in ſafe harbour would retire,
And quit the Bark, which all on fire
Is ſoon blown up, and forc'd to Land
Her Pilot on the Ethereal ſtrand.
Unbody'd Saint now ſafely reſt,
From the foul worlds black tempeſts bleſt:
And in the Bridegrooms cloſet dreſs
Thy ſelf with Robes, that may confeſs
A richer glory and more white
Than his that doth eclipſe the light!
With crowned Elders then repoſe
Thy pious ſelf; while graceleſs foes
Sail down the Stream, the Port forſake,
And periſh in th' Inferal Lake.

S. Brunſil.

In obitum celeberrimi viri *Franciſci Pierepont* Armigeri, Carmen funebre.

O Si vel pietas, vita candórve moverent
Supremos Divos, Tartareaſve domos!
Si ſummum Ingenium, ſtudiumq́, notabile curſum
Fatorum potuit ſiſtere, vivus adhuc,
Et gratus vivit, mortis contempſerat iram
Pierepont, verus Nobilitatis honos.
Sed duræ nimium Parcæ nec talia curant;
Fatorum rabiem ſiſtere nemo queat.

Thus Engliſhed.

O That theſe links of Noble Birth, high Parts,
Candor that gave him int'reſt in all hearts;
Bounty inlarged, unſoyl'd integrity,
Wel-temper'd zeal, wel-fixed piety
Had made a chain t'have ty'd th'Immortal gueſt,
His Heav'n-born ſoul to th' Manſion of his breaſt!

Then the much loved *Pierepont* ſtil ſhould live,
By's own Embalming ſelf-preſervative;
We ſhould not then ſit down by weeping croſſe,
Computing his great worth, and our great loſſe:
This's all we ſay to make the reckoning even,
He though thus good, was not too good for heaven.

Laurence Palmer,

On the Death of that Honorable and worthy Patriot,

FRANCIS PIEREPONT, *Esq.*

Sic flevit Z. C.

IF to be deeply wise, and honest too;
If to know well to speak, and well to do;
If to be learned, and the learned's friend;
If much in Alms, nothing in Pride to spend;
If to grow rich on his own Patrimony,
Without the loss, or grief, or curse of any;
If to profess Religion, and withall
Not to be dangerous, or schismatical;
If to be noble at th' old Herald's rate,
And humbler far than those o'th' mushroom's date;
If to be both in love and blood most near
To the great *Æsculapius, Dorchester*;
If to be Parent, Master, Husband, all,
As each relations rule doth strictly call;
If to attain that heavenly art, to end
And umpire strifes, and yet lose neither friend;
If these may be esteem'd a good mans glory,
They were constellated in *Pierepont's* story:
And if these lost at once can make the world
Wisely consider her last sand is running;
(Cause such a prop and pillar down is hurl'd)
We need no *Sedgwick* t' tell us [*Doomesday's coming.*]

Zach. Canderey.

On the death of the Honourable Francis Pierepont *Esq. Third Son of the Right Honourable*, Robert *Earl of* Kingston.

BUt is he dead? can I believe
That he should dye, and we should live?
Me-thinks we may the knot uncie,
Better to live, fitter to dye.
Death I see doth wisely chuse
The Gold, but doth the dross refuse.
If each place had had its right,
Thou long since hadst bid's good-night:
But now th'art gone, in doubt are we,
Whether to joy, or grieve for thee.
Our loss is great, greater thy gain,
Our comfort doth exceed our pain:
He that writes thy sad Elegy,
Shews more love to himself, then thee.
Blest soul! I can no more relate
Thy life past than thy present state:
My Pen can onely blot the story
Of thy life, and of thy glory.
Our all's unwelcome courtesie,
At best, but well-meant injury.
Long may thine live, and forward grow
In Grace, and Goodness, for to show
The world, that as they bear thy name,
They are heirs also of thy Fame.

Sam. Pickring.

Upon the premature and much lamented death of the Honorable Francis Pierrepont, *Esq; deceased* January 30. 1657.

AH! Why so fast, great Sir? the soul that was but scene
A while agoe, so soon to quit its Tenement,
And leav's, is sad and strange to us: such sudden slight
Doth cloud our day, and turn it to a dark'som night.
And thus it needs must do, for though some Stars appear,
Yet when the Sun is set, it's night i'th' Hæmisphere:
And so it is with us, for since our sad deprival
Of thy self, where is thy Compeer, or thy Rival?
If to thy birth we cast our eyes, thou wast of them
Whom well we may call Sarcles, shot from noble stem,
In glistering beams of Honor, thou did'st brightly shine;
And virtues Pearly Chain, to deck thee, it was thine.
With all the gifts and richest ornaments of nature
Thou wast stor'd, which might adorn and bless a creature.
The sev'ral parts of happiness which scattered be
In others, all concentred were, and met in thee.
Then why so fast away, since to make up thy bliss
All things did thus concur? O sure the cause was this,
The little Common-wealth of man, like greater States,
Hath some certain periods set, and hidden fates,
Heaven's statute-Law stands universal, that all must die:
But how, or where, or when, we have no certainty.

Sam. Cotes.
de Coates.

Upon the much lamented death of the Honorable Francis Pierrepont, Esq.

WHen Sun is set, the Stars by their faint light,
Serve onely for to shew us that 'tis night.
Change but the Scene, 'tis we, who now attend,
The doleful Funerals of this noble friend.
Whose presence made it day with us, we knew
No night, till he bad us and th'world adieu.
Surviving friends cannot (though joyn'd) repair
Our loss, onely tell us how poor we are.
Strangers that live at distance can no more
Conceive of it, then we our selves before
It did befall us, still so senseless does
Enjoyment make us of what's precious:
But now quick-sighted sorrow hasts t'indite
His Epitaph, and dictates thus to write.

Here lies the glory of his kinde,
The sweet composure of whose minde
Won all that knew him, such it was,
So milde, in it, as in a glass,
Others, who would behold, might see
Not what they are, but ought to be.
Whom Learning had its Patron (sad
That we can onely say it had.)
In whom impartial Justice knew
To distribute to each his due.
Happy in reconciling those,
Whom pride, and passion had made foes.
A constant hearer of the Word:
Though great, he own'd a higher Lord.
Whose zeal and prudence you might see,
In his well-govern'd Family.

Stay Reader, all's not here expresst,
But silent grief sighs out the rest.

On the much lamented death of the truly Honorable Francis Pierepont, *Esq.*

IS mourning grown a fashion? and a Hearse
Become the common subject of a Verse?
Are th'Muses all close Mourners? and are Tears
The onely Pearls which they of late do wear,
And drop for Beads over their Graves, to whom
In Pilgrimage Poetick feet do come?
No wonder then, great Sir, if at your Shrine
The Muses should turn Votaries, and combine,
There to lament the loss which they sustain
By your sad death; whose sacred Urn contains
Those precious Reliques, which may justly call
For their attendance at your Funeral.
Mahomets Tomb may unfrequented lie,
Whilst yours is visited by passers by;
O're which to drop our Tears in Verse will be,
Devotion now, instead of Poetry.
Doth virtue now prove fatal? Is't a sign
A Star is falling, when it doth out-shine
It's bright Colleagues? doth a more glorious light
Onely portend a sad approaching Night?
Do Pearls dissolve the soonest? and they die
Fastest, who best deserve to multiply
Their days among us? Do the highest Sphears
Finish their course in the least tearm of years?
Or have the greatest Orbs, as well's the least,
The Earth their Centre and the place of rest?
Did these things seem so strange to us, that you,
Great Sir, are fain to die to prove them true?

But

But if our knowledge at no meaner rate,
Can purchas'd be out of the hands of fate;
Than by your loss, wee'd rather much remain
Ignorant still, than at such cost obtain
A demonstration. Could none else be,
To us, a patern of mortality?
But he whose life was so much priz'd by those,
Who value men by real worth, not shews;
And can distinguish by converse with one,
Right watred Diamonds, from a *Bristol* Stone.
Such those knew you to be, who knew you best,
Whose worth was greater then the vulgar test
Could reach to comprehend; they onely knew
So much as to admire, 'twas not one view,
Or two, or more, made by a vulgar eye,
Would serve to take your elevation by.
You lov'd not to expose your self too much
To common view, that you reserv'd for such,
As could discern where the distinction lies
Between pretences and true Piety.
You scorn'd to prostitute Religion to
The lusts of men, as now too many do,
Whose consciences are weather-wise, and go
Round with the quarter where the wind doth blow.
Your blood receiv'd a nobler tincture from
Your great endowments, then by what did come
Down from your Ancestors; whose virtues too
Had the same Chanel with their blood to you.
Next to your noble Brother, whose great worth,
Have set a Copy to be transcrib'd forth
By all great Persons; they may learn by you
How to be Noble, Wise, and Learned too.

Edward Stillingfleet, Fellow of
St. *Johns* Coll. *Cambr.*

On the much lamented death, &c.

MY coal-black Muſe preſents, gives fire
Juſt in my boſom, founds retire
To levity. More zealous thence
With ſenſe of loſs, and loſs of ſenſe
Proceeds to tell how that of late
(Such was her paſſion) Church and State
Had loſt a light. So ſhe refuſes
To be prophane amongſt the Muſes.
Such influences Subjects grave,
Upon a Poets vein may have,
Eſpecially when they are noble duſt,
Religious, Charitable, Juſt,
Learned and Politick, ſuch compoſitions,
Without tautologies and repititions,
Can ne're be preſs'd; the Book of Life
Is able to decide the ſtrife.
O horrid graves, ye can retain
But what's your own, no *Pierreponts* brain.
I ſummon every heart and hand
Within the bounds of Holy Land
T'unite their forces, let them know
They've loſt a leader, and that now
The Church, ſince ſhe is grown more old,
Muſt learn to go without a hold.

Arthur Squire.

On the memory of the honorable Francis Pierrepont Esq. (*third Son to the right Honorable* Robert *late Earl of* Kingston) *who exchanged this life for immortality,* January 30. 1657.

IF any ask the reason, why so late
My Muse a mournful song doth meditate,
I'le answer at the first, she was struck dumb
With petrifying stupor: Let her come
To recollect her self, her sighs and tears
Will amply shew the high respect she bears
To inshrin'd vertue and Nobility,
Deriv'd higher then Natures Pedigree.
Hence is't that brokenly she Versifies:
(Who is in deep sorrow doesn't be heard for cries.)
Copartnership alleviates sufferings;
From sympathy a much less trouble springs:
But here such losers are both Church and State,
They scarce suffice each to lament her fate,
When such as thou, great soul, are snacht away,
And so both robb'd on the same dismal day.
So that if we lament a Senator
Most wise and faithful, or a Warrior
Steel'd with true valor: While we condole
The maim'd Republick, the Church (as if our soul
Were too much soakt in Politicks) cries out,
Alas! How is it that you look about
With careless mindes? Is't nothing that I want
When such a pillar's shrunk? who was not scant
In any point, whereby to introduce

Religious

Religions pow'r into his houshelds use.
Nor only acting in a narrow Sphere,
Comes forth in publick, fitter to act there.
Doctrine (methinks) and Discipline contend,
Which have in *Pierepont* lost the greater friend:
Uncertain, which most, truths complexion,
Or orders symmetry took his affection.

Which truly noble Candor, we in vain
May look and wish for, not call back again;
Nay rarely finde in any Mortal brest,
Hence't comes to pass our friend is gone to rest.
An Ostracism ejects him out o'th' World,
Which can no longer bear virtue install'd
In state majestick; but soon tenders up
To Heaven, the overflowing of its cup.

John Tuckney. C. C. J.

Upon the Death of the Honourable Francis Pierepont, *Esq. &c.*

SHall I be forc'd to dip my Pen
In tears, and ſcribble mortal men?
Who being mortal, do but nibble
At higheſt things, and therefore ſcribble.
If any thing ſuch ſubjects might
As theſe teach mortals how to write,
Make them more perfect, and confeſs
Such copies never could doe leſs:
But here's the judgement, moſt men hate
Such a Text-hand to imitate.
I have heard great Sirs vainly boaſt
Of Riches, Honours, and their hoſt;
I've ſeen that man of merit ſit
In *Rome*, and biting on his bit
In ſtate, as if by Axiome true
He would prove Paradiſe as due,
Poor Majeſty; compar'd to ſome
Who knew all thoſe no life to come.
I have known the learned Rout ſo puft
When they (as wind) have knowledge ſnuft,
Who in their Rapſodies have been
To the third Heaven near a kin;
Yet when that pale-fac'd hag did low'r,
And ſummon them to flit their bow'r,
Could not diſpute; No death to dye,
He dyed to live, this was the cry
Of him whoſe language yet doth warble
Through the cruel, ſpightful Marble.

(As you pass by, hark, how it breaks
Your hearts, whom he being dead, yet speaks,
His Honour doth invite a stand,
And ev'ry Passenger command
To know himself. Let no man spurn,
Though ne'r so Noble, at his Urn,
Except they have a mind to dim
Their Honours by dishonouring him.
And while they doe his corps infest,
Like silly birds defile their nest.
But he who thought all this a bubble
T'have onely birth, began to double,
The same with Learning; and her charms,
Which wel became a *Talbots* Arms,
And finding fruitful *Helians* Font,
He suck'd it, like a *Pierepont*.
All Coats of Arms so thick, so old,
Without this lining, are but cold.
His moral virtues do present
To us a richer monument;
Prudence her self she did abhor,
Not to make him a Senatour,
Love to his Countrey made him stand
Obedient to her strict command;
He might have chus'd, but that the beauty,
Which doth complexion such a duty,
Soon mov'd his temper; 'twas his food
To have occasion to doe good,
Without requital, and if a crime
Not to grow richer by the time;
I blame him that he did so halt,
Let this be put in for a fault;
But above all that which did throw
The greatest lustre on his brow,
That which did crown his temples round,
And heav'd his soul above the ground,

It was the image of his God,
To some a countenance, some a rod
That shone in him, let Church, let State,
Let family, Arts all bear the date,
Since that they lost him. Such a day
(Say *Nottingham*) here did they lay
His careful head, and such a night
(O dismall!) rent him from our sight.
And when you have bedew'd his herse
With many a dolefull, blear-ey'd verse:
Return, and as you softly walk
Confess your grief, your stones will talk.
If you say nothing, and conclude
'Twas you, not they that were so rude.

FINIS